Two Excellent

New BALLADS,

Viz.

I. *The* UXBRIDGE *DUPLICATE: Or, The* J--DGE *Juſtify'd.*

II. *On Colonel* FRANCISCO, *Rape-Maſter General of* Great-Britain.

Cedant Arma Togæ----

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Two Excellent

New BALLADS.

I. *The* UXBRIDGE *DUPLICATE: Or,* *The* J--DGE *Juſtify'd.*

I.

COME ye Miniſters all ſo courtly,
And ev'ry Impeachment Hater;
Come ye Writers ſo keen,
Who for *Robin* have been,
Th' *Enquirer* and *Conſiderator.*

II.

Come, ye Countrymen all ſo ſurly,
Who ſwear there is Need of a Halter
For the Folks who betray'd
Both our Laws and our Trade,
And our *Portmahon* and *Gibraltar:*

III.

I'll tell you a delicate Story,
Which will certainly move your Laughter,
For the Comfort of all,
Both the Great and the Small,
That ſhall need to be Rogues hereafter.

IV.

There has been a moſt ſad Proſecution
Of a *SAGE*, who, it ſeems, has a *Brother:*
The World it agrees
They're alike as two Peas,
Or, as one Knave is to another.

V.

This *DUPLICATE* ſly and ſaucy
Put on *AYRES* as an impudent Fellow,
With a Paunch and a Gown,
And a Strut and a Frown,
And a Hat like an *Umbrello.*

VI.

The *One* would go to a Priſon,
When the *Other* ſhould have been there-a:
All thoſe who know both,
Will declare upon Oath,
That the Man he is *Copia Vera.*

VII.

Not only your Eyes may deceive you,
But your Ears themſelves they may lie;
You wou'd own for a *Fee,*
Tho' a *Tranſcript* he be,
Concordat cum Originali.

VIII. How

VIII.

How convenient it were for *ROBIN*,
When he reckons for Publick Money,
Could he vaniſh from Sight,
And ſwear 'twas a Bite,
And thought but an *Error Perſonæ*.

IX.

Then a Fig for the hard-fac'd *Switzer*,
And his Midnight Way of Trading;
For we needs muſt declare,
There is nought can compare
To the Noon-day *Maſquerading*.

II. *On Colonel* FRANCISCO, *Rape-Maſter General of* Great-Britain.

I.

GOOD People, come heark, and a Story I'll tell,
And unleſs you be Knaves, it will pleaſe ye full well,
How an Accident ſtrange a rich Raſcal befell.
Which no body can deny.

II.

Who would raviſh, forſwear, and pick Pockets, and cheat,
And by Men was oft beaten, and Women did beat:
A Favourite worthy of *BOBBY* the Great!
Which no body can deny.

III. His

III.

His Fellow on Earth to be ſure there is not,
But as little to leſſen your Wonder, I wot
By Name he is *CHARTERS*, by Nation a *Scot*,
Which no body can deny.

IV.

For a Rape he once fled from his own native Clime,
And with Piſtols but lately attempted the Crime;
Sure he ought to be hang'd that is caught a third time,
Which no body can deny.

V.

At the Age of Threeſcore he no wiſer did grow,
But muſt needs try again for a Frolick, or ſo,
Like himſelf being willing to finiſh his Show,
Which no body can deny.

VI.

So a Maid he attack'd, but we here ſhall ſtop ſhort;
If you'd have any more, you muſt go to the Court,
Where he once in his Lifetime has paid for the Sport,
Which no body can deny.

VII.

BOB told him before-hand, to give him his due,
Dear Col'nel, a Jury may make you look blue,
If of *Engliſhmen* all, that are good Men and true,
Which no body can deny.

VIII. But

VIII.

But no Jury could frighten our Col'nel ſo bold,
Being ſure *Tyburn*-Tree (tho' ſome Hundred Years old)
Never yet bore a Man that had half ſo much Gold,
Which no body can deny.

IX.

But when Verdict was paſt, he was down in the Dumps,
And for Shifts and Excuſes Sir *William* he pumps;
Ay, and *BOBBY* the *Screen* too was put to his Trumps,
Which no body can deny.

X.

The ſame that for *Huggins* was once in a Fright,
For whom *Acton* and *Bambridge* will ſwear by this Light,
To a Rogue in Diſtreſs he is ſtil'd a *True Knight*,
Which no body can deny.

XI.

Quoth the Col'nel, in Hands diſaffected my Store is,
The two Sheriffs of *London* are violent *Tories*:
The High-bailiff a-kin to a Biſhop, that more is,
Which no body can deny.

XII.

So he bluſters and ſwears in a terrible Coil-a:
Thieves! South-Country Rogues! how my Treaſure they ſpoil-a!
Come and help, good Lord Duke, come and help, Doctor *Iſla!*
Which no body can deny.

XIII. Now

XIII.

Now Petitioners plenty our Liege do incumber,
You may think Sir of *Norfolk* is one of the Number;
Ah *BOB!* thou ſhouldſt go further North than *North Humber*,
Which no body can deny.

XIV.

The National Folks they full wiſely agreed,
'Twere a Shame that a Loon of the North-Country Breed
Should be juſtify'd ever on this Side the *Tweed*,
Which no body can deny.

XV.

Tooth and Nail, one and all, for their Brother they ſtand,
From your Garters to Pedlars that travel the Land;
All but thoſe that have Hair in the Palm of their Hand,
Which no body can deny.

XVI.

But Pardon ſome *Scots* for the reſt may attone,
Who for Honour and Virtue would Juſtice have ſhewn
On the Plague of our Realm, and the Shame of their own,
Which no body can deny.

XVII.

If His Majeſty's Grace will let Villainy ſwing,
O then all honeſt Hearts they will chearfully ſing,
Boys, hang up the Col'nel, and God bleſs the King,
Which no body can deny.

F I N I S.